



BUBBLES.

"I SAY, GIRLS, LOOK AT Cissy! Isn't she getting on splendidly?"

GOLF À LA RUSSE.

THE first Russian golf club was opened on August 15, the links being situated on the Kolonyagi race-course about three miles north of St. Petersburg. We understand that natural and political exigencies have necessitated a slight revision of the rules of the Royal and Ancient game, as embodied in the following addenda:—

1. Membership shall be confined to the Order of St. Andrew the First-called, who is by Imperial ukase appointed Patron of the Club.

2. The Constitutional Democratic Party (alias the "K.D.'s"), headed by Professor MILUKOFF, being now relieved of their labours in the Duma, shall serve as "caddies." [Their Russian nickname approximates almost exactly to the Scottish term, and was bestowed upon them in anticipation of their sole useful function in the future.]

3. "Colonel Bogie," on the score of being a Terrorist, shall be debarred

from all play on the links, and, if discovered, shall be given his passports and deported back to England by the club Ispravnik.

4. Should a grand-ducal match be in progress, a state of "extraordinary protection" of the course shall be declared, every bunker being personally searched for *nyeblogonadyozhniye* (or politically untrustworthy) persons by General TREPOFF and M. STOLYPIN.

5. Every hole shall be guarded by a Cossack, and a sotnia held in readiness at Pargalovo, three versts away, in case of a pogrom among the players or K.D.'s.

6. A bomb between a ball and the hole shall count as a stimie, and, if at the bottom of the hole, shall entail the loss of the same to the player whose ball first comes in contact with it.

7. Not more than three players with their K.D.'s shall assemble at any one hole, "foursomes" being prohibited. The course shall be covered on the *étape* system, by signal from the Cossack at the next hole in front.

8. K.D.'s shall not presume to give advice to the players, thus overstepping the limits of the Imperial Manifesto of October, 1905.

9. If, during the winter season, a K.D. be lost in the snow, another may be taken up by the scruff of the neck and dropped behind the player's back, life being cheap in Russia.

10. A list of expletives shall be authorised and issued by the Censor. Any infringement by a player other than an Actual Privy Councillor or M. POBIE-DONOSTEFF (late Procurator of the Holy Synod) shall be punished by administrative exile to Siberia.

11. For the word "Fore!" shall be substituted the Russian term "Seitchas!" (directly!) meaning that in an hour or so, according to the national connotation, a ball will be coming along.

12. Any disputes between the players shall be referred to the Hague Conference, in order that the latter body may justify its existence. ZIG-ZAG.

THE READING OF THE POEM.

(From the Peasqueak Papers.)

I AM not likely soon to forget that night.

The room was one of the most charming in England, looking out on the geranium beds with their borders of blue lobelias and bright and vivid calceolarias; at the beautiful rustic seats and the closely-shaven lawn, and the white croquet hoops and gaily-coloured posts which testified to our host's occasional descents from the realms of poesy in which he normally dwelt to such mundane trivialities as games of ball.

The room within was in perfect keeping with this garden paradise. It was long and large, with wide mahogany seats in the four deep windows, ancient mahogany chairs and great bookcases filled with the best books; dark pier tables, a centre table and a mirror over the ample fireplace—all of good English make and solidity. There were geraniums in the window boxes, other and choicer books on the table; while an air of quiet refinement and the very essence of cultured homeness, if I may coin a word, pervaded all. This is the meagre outline of a room which, having once sat within, you would wish never to see changed, in which many pure and noble men and women have loved to commune with high thoughts.

I have not said where it was; but it was in the retired London suburb of Anerley that ERASMUS BOME had chosen to dwell, rejecting with that wise deliberateness that was always one of his characteristics more fashionable or secluded spots. His house was in the Fairmead Road,—No. 8,—but like all houses in those parts it had its own name as well as number, and was known as Farringford, out of honour to the great poet of "In Memoriam," which my friend could never mention without tears.

The night to which I refer was many years ago, and I had been asked to make one of a privileged little group of BOME's friends who were to listen to the poet's reading of his new work just completed in MS. "The World at once so Great and Small," as he had called it, in the rotund way which was characteristic of him. I will not name all who were there, but among them was one whose youthful fame and genius were the pride of all—HARRIET PICKARD (now Mrs. CANDY), the author of numberless stories for the young, and also Dr. CRIMLEIGH, the historian of Surbiton, whose work is considered by good judges to be an unsurpassed contribution to topography. I can see him now with his mild old face and gold spectacles as he checked off the rhymes with his lifted forefinger. Pretty BELLA BLENCHES, afterwards a pupil of Madame SCHUMANN, was there too, and I remember how beautifully she rendered a *morceau* now and then during the evening. She is now Mrs. LIDBETTER, and is still charming.

I wish I could remember exactly what was said by that critical circle; for there were some quick and brilliant minds and some pungent powers of appreciation there. The younger ones, many of them young ladies of Anerley, had all felt the moulding force of some very original and potential educators; and all had read not only LONGFELLOW but EMERSON and RUSKIN. Of living teachers, probably no one, after the poet himself, had come more intimately and effectually into formative relations with them than Dr. WILSON CAMPBELL, the great antagonist of HUXLEY.

I wish I could remember what they said; but all that has passed away. I think somebody objected to the length of the title, which the poet admitted to be a fault, but said something of wishing to get the idea of the unity of the world into it as the main idea of the work. I only recall the enthusiastic delight with which canto after canto was received, and BOME's raising himself to his full height at the conclusion and standing over us, as it were, with his

hand slipped into his coat, a characteristic attitude, and with a commanding toss of his head as he said, with a break in his voice, "Well, friends all, it can't be so good as you say. There must be *some* faults in it." But we assured him again that there were none. I have seen something of human pomp and happiness (as any man must who has been three times a Mayor), but I never saw any to equal BOME's.

For some reason or other the poem was never published; and of the friends who met there who is left to-day? Mrs. CANDY, Mrs. LIDBETTER and myself are all I know for certain to be alive. Poor BOME died of pneumonia two years ago at Ilkley; Dr. CRIMLEIGH was knocked down by a pantechnicon van in Oxford Street; and dear Mrs. BOME had to be put under restraint in 1902.

TO A SEAGULL.

O SEAGULL, you are harsh of song :—
Your voice is very striking, very clear,
But it is not the thing a cultured ear
Could listen to for long.

I cannot call you mild, or meek :—
These corpses, cast like seaweed on the shore,
Bear grisly evidence of civil war,
And fratricidal beak.

You do but mock us in the dish :—
Even the heartiest gorge must needs recoil
At fibres redolent of brine and oil :
Besides, you smell of fish.

Dear is the soft caressing dove ;
And passing dear the long, uxorious wail
In woodlands of the mellow nightingale ;
Yet, dearly tho' I love

These, and the palatable snipe,
I hold your matchless plumage dearer still,
In its equipment of the perfect quill
For cleaning out one's pipe.

DUM-DUM.

Leaving Nothing to Chance.

A CORRESPONDENT forwards us a railway ticket available, on the day of issue only, between West Kensington and St. John's Wood Road (change at Gloucester Road and Baker Street). The following notice is printed on the back :—

"This through Ticket is issued subject to the conditions and regulations . . . of the respective Companies and Proprietors on whose Railways, Coaches, or Steamboats it is available, and the holder, by accepting it, agrees that the respective Companies and Proprietors are not to be liable for any loss, damage, injury, delay, or detention, caused or arising off their respective Railways, Coaches or Steamboats."

The Declining Birth Rate.

Two consecutive paragraphs in *The Lichfield Mercury* run as follows :

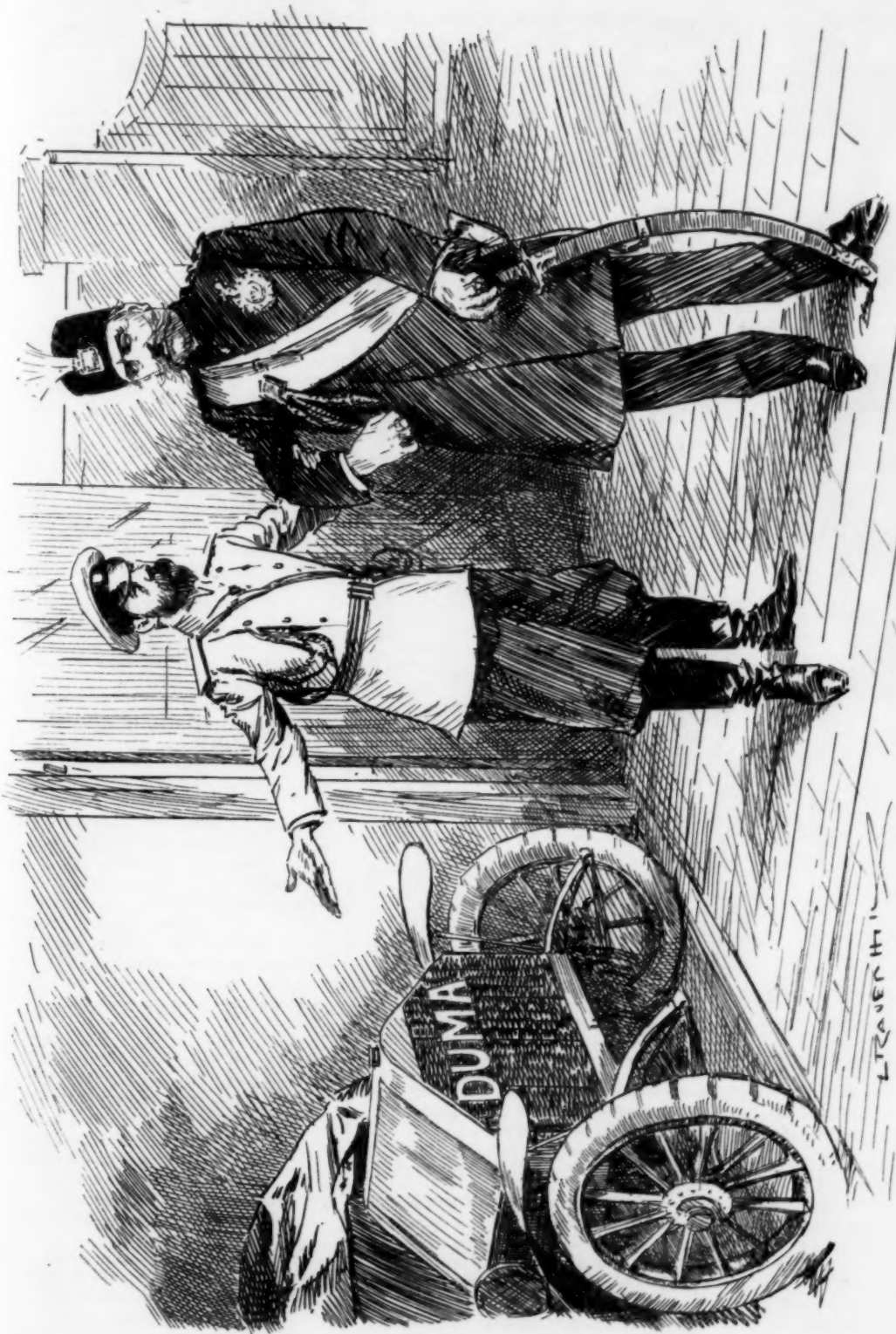
"The Bishop of LICHFIELD will conduct the baptismal service at St. Chad's Church next Sunday morning at eleven o'clock.

"TO READERS.—You will assist *The Mercury* and the district generally by patronising our advertisers whenever possible."

Look here, upon this picture, and on this.

"WILL clergyman for £1 monthly receive BACKWARD BOT into his house to coach?"—*Church Times*.

"A LADY wishes to place her HOUSE DOG in family as paying guest; 8s. the week."—*Ibid*.



HELPING THE YOUNG IDEA.

SIR. "I WAS THINKING OF GETTING ONE OF THOSE THINGS FOR MY PEOPLE."
CZAR. "MY DEAR FELLOW, TAKE THIS ONE. (*Aside*) I'M GETTING ANOTHER SORT, THAT ONLY GOES BACKWARD."

[It is announced that the Shah threatens to give Persia a constitution.]

THE ISLE OF THE BLEST.

["Two German professors have solved the mystery of how to live on nothing a year. They are at present leading an exceedingly simple existence in Kabakon, a small island in the South Seas, where their food consists only of cocoanuts, their clothes of loin cloths of cocoa-nut fibre, and their amusement of sitting in the sea reading."—*Daily Express*.]

I HATED the strenuous town,
I shied at the sight of blue forms,
I longed to escape
From the land of red tape
And a chief who is given to storms;
I wished to grow ruddy and brown,
I sighed to become picturesque;
I'd visions in plenty
Of sweet *far niente*,
Far, far from the tyrannous desk.

Yet visions like these were in vain:
Dame Fortune proved ever severe,
And she bade me quill-drive
From eleven to five
For a pitiful pittance a year.
It seemed to me painfully plain
That Poverty made it my fate
To sit like the Peri,
Heart-broken and weary,
Outside the delectable gate.

For DIVES alone (fancied I)
Could afford—lucky beggar!—to slack,
And list to the breeze
Sighing soft through the trees
As he lay at full length on his back.
For DIVES alone was the sky
Mirrored blue in the blue summer sea—
Alas! the rare pleasure
Of infinite leisure
Could never be tasted by me.

But when the dark cloud of despair
Had plunged all my soul in black night,
On a sudden came news
That disposed of my blues,
As the sun puts the darkness to flight.
I heard of a spot passing fair
Where nature wears ever a smile,
Where palms wave above you,
And money—Lord love you!
There's none in this Fortunate Isle.

Till you're hot you may lie i' the sun,
You may sit in the sea till you're cool,
And you promptly forget
That you ever have met
Such a thing as a desk or a stool.
Official reports there are none;
Dull minutes no longer exist
To worry and bore you,
Though years stretch before you
In which you may do as you list.

The prospect of hunger or thirst
Need never occasion a qualm:
Are you anxious to feed,
You will find all you need
In a neighbouring cocoa-nut palm.
Fruit, luscious and ready to burst,



VESTED INTERESTS.

Mrs. Goldstein. "Isn't THAT A CUSTOMER OF OURS, ISAAC? HE DOESN'T TAKE ANY NOTICE OF US."

Mr. Goldstein (outfitter). "YES, HE'S A CUSTOMER ALL RIGHT, BUT HE NEVER PAYS. STILL, HE MIGHT HAVE RAISED HIS HAT TO ME."

Falls temptingly into your mouth,
While a few minutes' plaiting
Of cocoa-nut matting
Suffices for dress in the South.

Suppose you are tempted to wed,
You size up your feminine chums,
And you simply decide
Which you want as a bride,
And you say to her, "Come!" and
she comes.
Of settlements nothing is said;
No relatives make a to-do
And ask whence the tin comes,

For there are no incomes
Where no one possesses a soul.

So, strenuous London, good-bye!
No more will I fill up blue forms
Or cringe at the nod
Of a little tin god
Who is prone (as I mentioned) to
storms.
The hour of salvation is nigh,
The days of my slavery gone.
Farewell, toil and sorrow!
I'm starting to-morrow
For freedom and fair Kabakon!

CHARIVARIA.

WE have not had long to wait for an object lesson showing the danger of Parliamentary recesses. Scarcely had the House risen when an Ethiopian was sent to prison at Durban merely for preaching sedition. Mr. BYLES, M.P., would have had something to say about that.

We are in a position to deny the silly rumour that Mr. HALDANE, if he attends the German manoeuvres, will wear the coquettish uniform of a Lancer.

The War Stores Report is still being discussed, and the War Office is blamed for not having made preparations for the "winding up" of the War. To this the War Office retorts by asking how was it to know that the War would ever be ended.

According to *Reuter*, one of the SULTAN's palace doctors, who has relieved HIS MAJESTY of much pain, has been promoted to the rank of General by the grateful monarch, and now there is scarce a dentist in Constantinople who does not hope one day to be an Admiral.

A letter, which bore the vague inscription: "Corner house—two stone dogs in front—Clacton," has been delivered by the postal authorities at a house with two stone dogs in front at Clacton. Talk about *Sherlock Holmes*!

So many people are of the opinion that solicitors are grasping that we think it unfortunate that Sir GEORGE LEWIS, in reply to a query from *The Daily Mail* on the subject of sleep, should have said that he thought eight hours sufficient, but that he took nine.

Commercial morality does not seem to improve. What are we to think of a firm which is boldly advertising "Boned" chicken for sale?

Apparently *The Jungle* is not to be the only novel on the subject of the Potted Meat Scandals. We notice that a firm of publishers have just brought out a book entitled *The Poison of Tongues*.

Tenby has decided to look after its bathers. "The Town Council," we read, "has agreed that in future all male bathers shall be attired in a University costume." Anything, we suppose, is better than dulness, and the spectacle of bathers in cap and gown should certainly prove an additional attraction.

We would draw the attention of those persons who hold that otter-hunting is

not cruel to the fact that last week an M.O.H. received a nasty bite from one of these beasts.

The Dogs' Home at Battersea is to be enlarged. When rebuilt it will be able to house dachshunds of any reasonable length.

Meanwhile we have nothing in London to rival the magnificent *Curhaus* which is a feature of so many continental towns.

"There is no doubt," says *The Industrial Motor Review*, "that there is a large field open in Persia for motor vehicles." The idea is an admirable one, and it seems strange that in England we should hitherto have confined motor vehicles to the roads (and ditches) when there must be quite a number of "large fields" available.

A gentleman writes to a contemporary to complain of the harsh treatment meted out to "luggage in advance" by the average porter. It is only fair to one firm of carriers to state that it puts the public on its guard. The poster issued by them as an advertisement of the new system depicts a devil carrying a portmanteau.

Mr. HALL CAINE, we hear, has been greatly interested in the discussion which has been raging in the columns of *The Express*: "Are we becoming less religious?" Mr. CAINE's experience is that we are. He fancies he does not meet with the same amount of reverence that used to be shown him.

We try to believe everything we read in the newspapers, but sometimes we find it difficult. For instance *The Cardiff Evening Express*, in describing a policeman's encounter with a prisoner the other day, said, "His trousers gave way, and after struggling half-an-hour they became exhausted."

THE PARTING GUEST.

How to speed the parting guest is, and has long been, one of the most puzzling problems to those who live in the country; and it recurs in its acutest form every Monday morning. The genius who would hit on the perfect way, ensuring a rapid and successful departure without any loss of affection for the host and hostess, or even suspicion that they were interested in this acceleration or had any wish in the world but that the guest should stay on for ever—that genius would deserve a monument of gold. In default, however, of the ideal solution, certain suggestions

have from time to time been made, some crude enough may be, but all well-intended; as, for example, that on the Sunday night the bedroom should be filled with *Bradshaws*, one even being slipped negligently into the bed itself; or that on saying good-night the visitor should be reminded that he would be called early to make sure of his train. These are good ways, but an even better is the Railway Hint Card, invented by Messrs. DE SPATCH, the stationers, copies of which have been sent to us, and one of which we reproduce:

TRAINS LEAVE FOR LONDON.

| A.M. | P.M. |
|--------|------|
| 6.35 | 2.01 |
| *8.40 | 3.36 |
| †10.24 | 5.14 |
| ‡11.55 | 7.30 |

* Highly recommended.

† Recommended.

‡ Good sound train.

These cards, if plentifully hung about the house on Sundays, or placed in the visitors' plates and on their looking-glasses and so forth, are guaranteed tactfully and quietly to have the desired effect.

A CONVERSATIONAL QUESTION

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Knowing that you are always ready to help those in trouble I am venturing to write for your advice in a matter of some importance to myself. The facts briefly are these.

About a year ago I had dinner at my Club with a man whom I will call SMITH. In the smoking-room afterwards SMITH introduced me to a friend of his, and we all had a few words together. I shall speak of the friend as JONES, but I would have you know, Mr. Punch, that this name conceals the identity of a man of some eminence, and a man old enough to be—at any rate my uncle. Indeed I gather from *Who's Who* that with ordinary luck he might well have been my father.

After the introduction SMITH went back to the country, and, but for an occasional visit to town, there he remains. JONES and I, however, are stuck in London—fellow-members of a Club which we use daily. I need hardly say that at least once a day we come across each other. It is because of this, Mr. Punch, that I am writing to you.

JONES, as I have said, is a man of years, position and dignity; I am young, and unknown to anybody save the third waiter on the left as you go into the dining-room. JONES' particular subject is SCHOPENHAUER; mine is Cricket (and in passing, I may say that it is a certainty for Kent).

Politeness demands that we should



Cyclist. "WHY CAN'T YOU LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING?"

Motorist. "HOW THE DICKENS COULD I WHEN I DIDN'T KNOW!"

say something when we meet, and of course I am quite ready to suit my conversation to his. If he really wants to talk about SCHOFENHAUER, I am willing; but somehow I feel that the inquiry, "How's Schop?" coming from a man so much younger than himself, would not be altogether satisfactory. My own subject, County Cricket, would be of little interest to him; so that there remains only the weather and—

Yes, Mr. Punch, you have guessed it. Our mutual friend SMITH.

Reasoning, doubtless, on different lines we have arrived at the same conclusion. Let me give you what used to be our daily dialogue.

SCENE—Any of the Club rooms.

Jones } (meeting suddenly). Hallo!
Muself }

A pause, while we think hard of what
say next. Then

Jones } (in unison). Seen SMITH
Myself } lately?

Myself } lately?

Jones } (together but in } Not lately.
Myself } harmony). } Not for ages.

Myself (harmony). (Not for ages.

Another long pause. Then

*Jones (on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays). Well, I must be getting on.
(On Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays the remark is mine.)*

Scene closes.

Now that, *Mr. Punch*, is what has been going on for weeks, and I ask you, is it worthy of either of us? Personally, I am sick of it, and about a month ago I determined to try something else. Accordingly, after the preliminary "Hallos," I said:

Myself. How lucky! I particularly wanted to see you.

He (striking an attitude of resigned attention). Yes?

Myself. Yes. I wanted to ask you—now, let's see, what was it?

He (confound him!). Anything about SMITH?

Myself (weakly giving in). Er—yes.
Er—how is he?

He. I haven't seen him lately.

Myself. Oh, thanks. Good bye.

Since then I have tried to avoid him, and he, I am sure, has tried to avoid me. But it is all useless. Every day the same thing happens. Now, dear Mr. *Punch*, can you help me? I don't think I am naturally a fool. I can talk to men of my own age, and to children, and to ladies (if they are nice to me) with more or less success; but in the presence of JONES, who is old enough to be my uncle, and who knows SCHOPENHAUER intimately, I am tongue-tied.

Good-bye. Kent is absolutely—oh, but I told you that before.

Ever, Mr. Punch, your devoted friend,
RICHARD.

P.S.—Of course, next time, I might pretend to be dumb, and tap my mouth significantly; only he would probably turn out to know the deaf-and-dumb language quite well. Still it would be a change.

OPERATIC PROJECTS.

No more striking evidence of the advance of musical culture in our midst is to be found than in the prodigious activity now observed in operatic circles. Formerly, opera was an appanage of the aristocracy. It is already within the reach of the middle classes, and bids fair ere long to become the special pastime of the million. To descend, however, from generalities to the test of the concrete instance, we may note, first of all, the remarkable scheme in connection with which Commodore GILLOWSON, the famous *impresario*, is now on a visit to London. Commodore GILLOWSON, as we need hardly remind our readers, is the son of the equally famous *impresario*, Admiral GILLOWSON, who, beginning as a humble performer on the *tromba marina* in the orchestra at Covent Garden, achieved a celebrity which gained for him the rank of Honorary Admiral in the Chilian Navy.

Commodore GILLOWSON, with whom we recently had the pleasure of an interview on board his turbine yacht *Deademona*, at present anchored off Gravesend, informs us that, backed by a Chilian Syndicate, he has come over for the express purpose of acquiring the Stolliseum, Olympia, the Hippodrome and the Crystal Palace, with a view of converting them into grand national opera houses, to be open night and day all the year round. Should his offer, which is on the most liberal scale, be accepted, it is his intention to run opera on lines of unexampled and sultanic splendour, and to present, in addition to the standard works, several new lyric masterpieces never yet performed in London. Thus at the Stolliseum, which has a revolving stage, he proposes to lead off with a new Chilian revolutionary opera in which quick-firing guns, howitzers, bombs, and other specimens of modern ordnance will be freely employed. It is part of Commodore GILLOWSON's scheme to convert the roof of the Stolliseum into an open-air amphitheatre where the audience could repair between the acts and witness games of football, lacrosse, baseball, pelota, and (in the winter) water polo.

The Hippodrome, according to the scheme, would be devoted chiefly to equestrian and aquatic opera, the repertory including such pieces as the *Postillon de Longjumeau*, the *Cheval de Bronze*, the *Flying Dutchman*, *Rheingold*, &c. MARCELINE, we are glad to hear, has provisionally undertaken to play the rôle of his namesake in BEETHOVEN'S *Fidelio*, and Mr. OTTO TWIGG will, of course, conduct the performances of the Ring. Realism being the essence of

Commodore GILLOWSON's system, he guarantees that every Rhine daughter shall be a first-rate *diva*, and that every tenor must at least have held a commission in the *Cavalleria Rusticana* or yeomanry. It is also his intention to convert the roof of the Hippodrome into a kitchen garden, where the audience would be able to repair between the acts, and vegetarian suppers would be served after the opera.

The contemplated performances at the Crystal Palace will be on a scale commensurate with the magnitude of that imposing edifice, while at the same time they will be adapted to the æsthetic equipment of a suburban audience. In fair weather they will be given out of doors, and as the artists will all be furnished with megaphones it is expected that audiences of from 20,000 to 50,000 will be able to enjoy the representations. Commissions have already been given to several eminent composers to write operas in which there will be special opportunities for those pyrotechnic displays for which the Sydenham glass-house has always been famous. Thus Signor LEONCAVALLO is hard at work on a monumental trilogy entitled "*The Eruption of Vesuvius*," for which the libretto has been supplied by Sir NORMAN LOCKYER, with lyrics by Mr. ADRIAN ROSS. Another work which arouses the liveliest expectation is "*The Light of Other Days*," words and music by KENSAL VERDI, a transparent pseudonym which veils without concealing the engaging personality of Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON. We may add that it is part of Commodore GILLOWSON's scheme to lend a rotary motion to both the North and the South Towers by turbine engines in order to promote the comfort of spectators, and to associate Mr. W. G. GRACE with Madame WAGNER in the training of the principal singers.

Finally there remains Olympia. Here Commodore GILLOWSON hopes, by securing the services of General SHOOLBREDSON and Colonel WARINGSON as joint and alternate conductors, to achieve results in the way of operatic realism which will, in his picturesque phrase, "electrify Addison Road and petrify West Kensington." The Commodore has recently been elected President of the Patagonian Philharmonic Society, and in that capacity is enabled to secure an unlimited supply of indented Patagonian vocalists. The Patagonians are notorious for the extraordinary strength and beauty of their voices as well as their prodigious stature and luxuriant chevelure. They sing only in their native tongue, which greatly adds to the attractiveness of their performance. The orchestra will be composed exclusively of Russians, with the exception of Lord DYSART, who

will occasionally assist on the pianola. It is part of Commodore GILLOWSON's scheme to convert the roof of Olympia into an artificial lake (by draining the Round Pond and pumping the water obtained therefrom through celluloid pipettes), where the audience could repair in summer between the Acts and disport themselves in University bathing costume to the accompaniment of ocarinas, mangostines, and mirlitons.

This colossal enterprise, into which the Commodore has thrown himself with hereditary and volcanic energy, has naturally aroused great excitement in musical circles. Mr. CHARLES MANNERS, who has been interviewed on the subject, sums up the situation in a few pithy and luminous sentences. "If," he remarks, "Commodore GILLOWSON's syndicate is really in earnest about buying Olympia, the Crystal Palace, the Hippodrome, the Stolliseum, and the Round Pond, it seems to me that precautionary measures should be taken to ascertain what public support would be likely to be forthcoming. At any rate I should advise the utmost caution before embarking upon a project which, as experience has shown, is dreadfully dangerous in England. If it is hard to secure patronage for opera in the vernacular, *a fortiori* will it be an arduous task to inculcate a taste for Patagonian in the cultured purlieus of Addison Road. Be that as it may be, I wish the syndicate every success, only adding the needful warning—Look out for *squalls*!"

HINTS TO BATHERS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Now that the bathing season is at its height, perhaps a few practical hints will not be unwelcome to your readers.

Never bathe between meals. Never take fright when seized with cramp. Keep perfectly calm and leave the water without delay. Never, when actually drowning, decline the assistance of a boatman on account of his extortionate charges. No doubt he places an undue value on your life, but it is well to sink one's diffidence in the matter and accept his estimate, especially as the subject is open to further discussion on shore.

Unnecessary loss of life, however, is small compared with the daily sacrifice of self-respect on the part of grave and substantial persons whose deportment in their land clothes is beyond reproach. To such I would say in all earnestness—Don't bob about in the water, alternately sitting down on small waves and dabbling the top of the head.

Refrain also from repulsive distortion of the features after unexpected immersion by a passing wave. Rise from the shingle with dignity and cultivate a

calm sweet smile which will retain its position in salt water.

Finally, I would warn bathers against the fatal mistake of making acquaintances in the water, for there is no better concealment of caste than a bathing costume. What is there, for example, to show that the weird object on whom you heap contumely, because in blindly diving through a wave you brought your head up sharp against his *em bonpoint*, is the possessor of a stately title; or, on the other hand, that the graceful young Adonis whom you compliment for gallantly swimming after your daughter's water-wings is an assistant at a Bayswater hosier's?

Yours very truly,

FOREWARNED.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

A NUMBER of streets in Birkenhead have been named after prominent contemporary politicians. The idea is a good one, and might well be introduced into London. There would be no need to change the names of existing streets or neighbourhoods, however, as these could with little effort be adapted. Nor need the idea be confined to political names—golfers, motorists, cricketers, artists and even journalists might easily be included. Thus:—

Marble Archie Maclaren.
Ray Lankester Gate.
Harold Coxspur Street.
Moberley Belgrave Square.
S. F. Edgeware Road.
Knoxford Circus.
Granthampstead Heath.
Kentish Townshend.
Leicester Harmsworth Square.
Lansdowning Street.
John Gunnersbury.
Willie Richmond Park.
Gorell Barnes Common.
The Egerton and Castle.
King's Bench Walkley.
Constitution Hilton.
John Ball's Pond.

Browning on the Road.

ROUND the bend of a sudden came Z 13,
And I shot into his front wheel's rim;
And straight was a fine of gold for him,
And the need of a brand-new bike for me.

Virtue its own Reward.

"LOST—A lady's purse containing jewellery and cash. Finder will be rewarded by returning to *Daily News*."
—*Nelson Daily News*.

Commercial Forethought.

NOTICE in a shop window:

"Orders and Complaints received here."



SCENE—Railway Refreshment Room. Thermometer 90° in the shade.

Waiter (to traveller, taking tea). "BEG PARDON, SIR, I SHOULDN'T RECOMMEND THAT MILK, SIR; LEASTWAYS NOT FOR DRINKING PURPOSES."

"THE police were at once summoned and it was determined by experts that the robbery must have taken place between 8 A.M. and 9 A.M., because at 8 o'clock the case was observed to be in its ordinary condition."

Morning Leader.

Mr. Punch respectfully lifts his hat in the presence of Greatness.

"WANTED at once, Uncertificated Assistant Master. Salary £65, rising by £3 per annum to £75."—*Schoolmaster.*

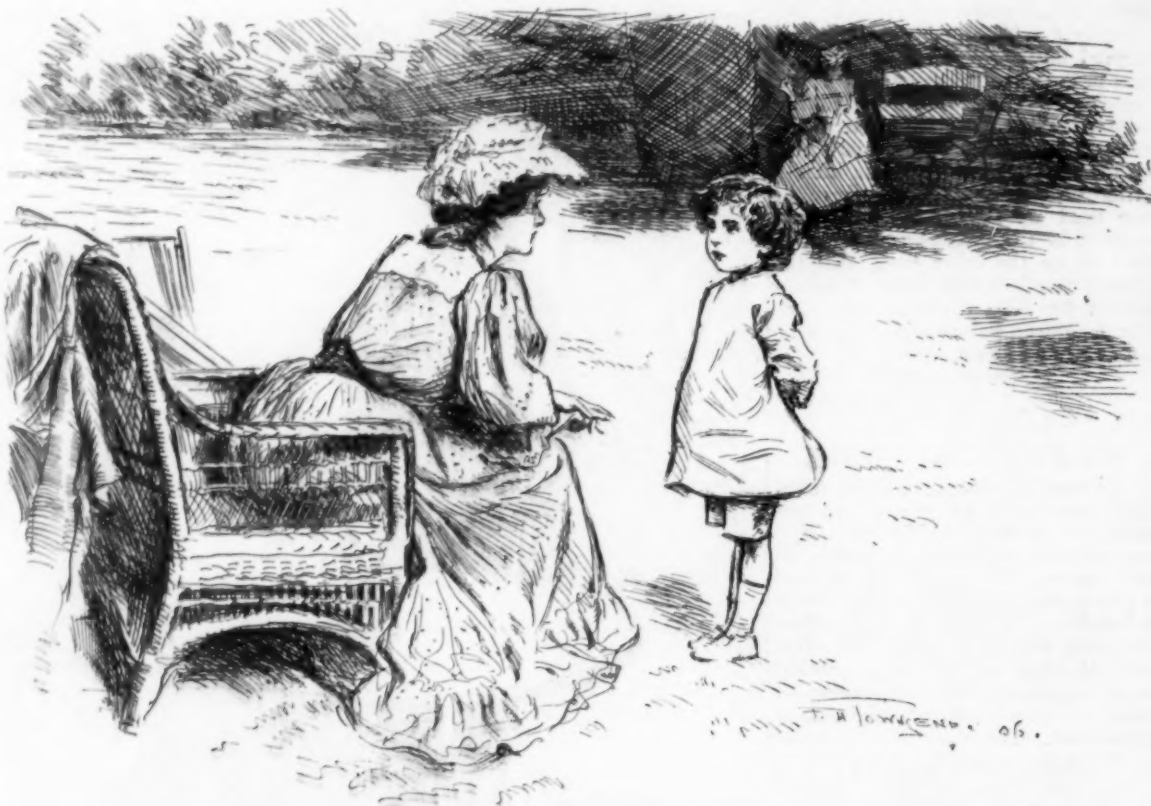
BUT surely somebody connected with the school should have a certificate in Arithmetic. The advertiser seems to have missed it.

"MAHOGANY CUPBOARD for Sale which once belonged to an aunt of JAMES WATT."
Glasgow Evening Citizen.

Mahogany cupboards of aunts of great men all remind us we must make our lives sublime.

ACCORDING to *The British Weekly*, "In Chicago loaves of bread must bear the weight and the name of the baker." Why not his height and girth measurement too?

MOTTO FOR LAND-GRABBERS.—"Seize, Entrenchment, and Re-farm."



Visitor. "WELL, HAROLD, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BE WHEN YOU GROW UP?"

Harold. "OH, I'M GOING TO BE A SAILOR; BUT BABY'S ONLY GOING TO BE JUST AN ORDINARY FATHER."

THE DISTRICT RAILWAY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see by the Chairman's statement that the District Railway Company are about to raise their fares. And not a moment too soon. I have often thought their first-class rates—a paltry 1½d. to 2d. per mile—to be absurdly reasonable. Take, for instance, the 10d. trip from Putney to the Temple. Why, the mere transit is alone worth the money, without the liberal perquisites which are thrown in. Thus, while other railways take you straight ahead in as direct a line as they can (with the beggarly idea of economising their motive power) the District Railway not only curls about like a sea serpent, but swings you from side to side with so reckless a generosity that you cover about 50 per cent. more ground than was in the bond.

Then, again, there are its hygienic virtues, regarded as a body-shaker. No liver can get in at Putney and remain sluggish beyond Walham Green. Or have you nerves that need gentle excitation? Then you may save the expense of one of those D.V. Vibrators and be jostled till you quiver like a jelly without paying the smallest *supplément*.

Have you a taste for luxury of posture? Here you may learn the asceticism of Assisi: grinding your ribs against the knife-like edge of a window ledge; jerked this way and that over the low hip-racks on the side seats; bashing in your hat-brim against a bare wooden wall if for a moment you deflect backwards from the perpendicular. And all gratis. No extra fees in this seminary for fakirs.

Are you purse-proud and exclusive? Here you will learn that all men of whatever class are equal in the sight of

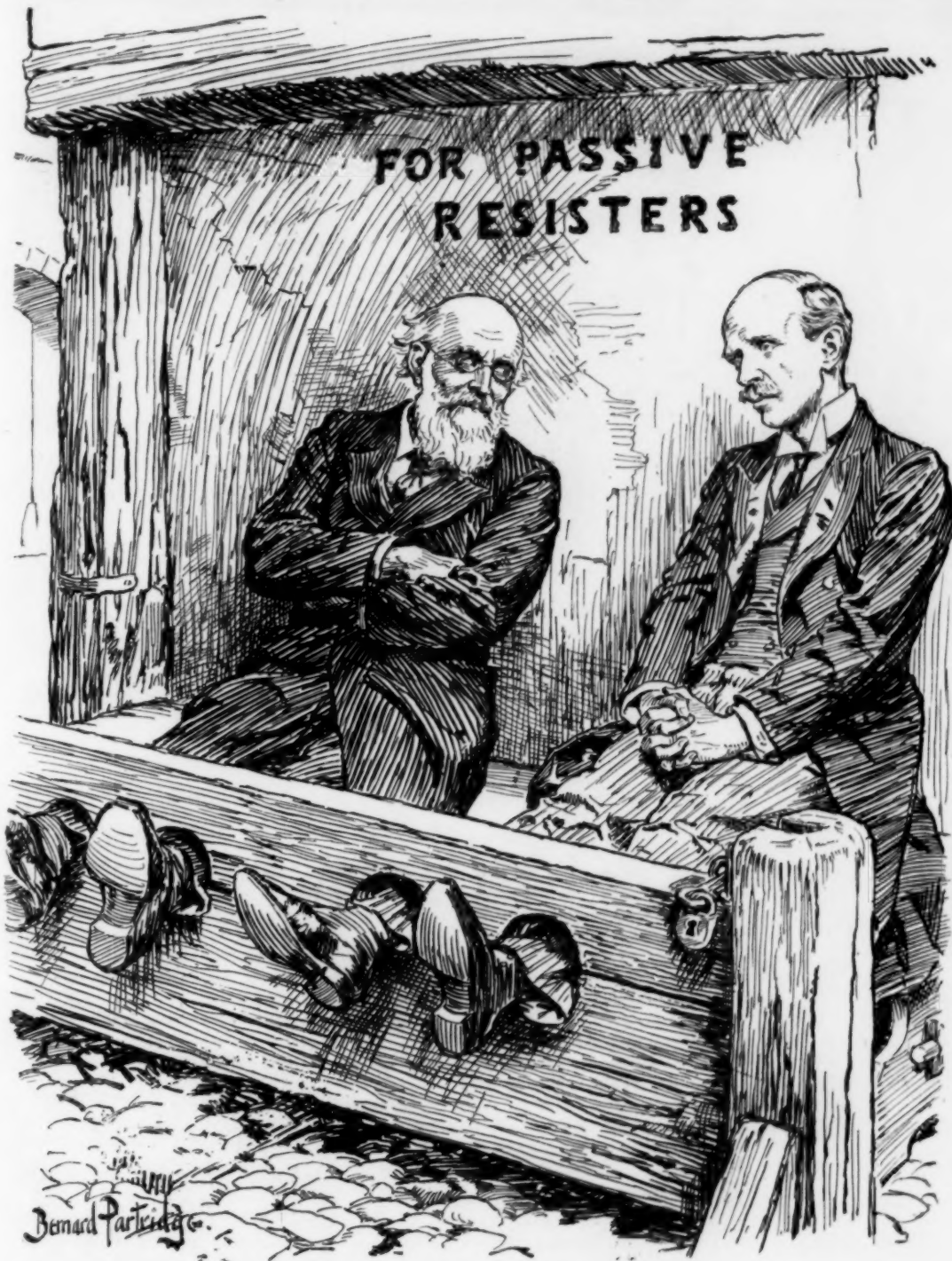
the conductor. As *Pippa* would say, *en passant*, "There is no first nor third." You will habituate yourself to the discipline of rubbing elbows, or even noses, with the proletariat in the long intervals when the rare inspector—that new and brilliant innovation—is elsewhere engaged. The moral gain is inestimable. There is no charge for it.

I cannot say how glad I was to read the Chairman's statement that "They were now practically at the end of their arduous task, and were looking forward to entering at an early date on the fruits and rewards of the great efforts they had made." I had so feared that, after getting the trains to run at all, and having developed the "hypæthral" type of railway station by the removal of a few glass roofs, they might still have entertained a divine discontent, a passionate desire to go on to further achievement—to convert, for instance, their present rattling-stock into vehicles approximately fitting the lines on which they are expected to run; to provide a modicum of human comfort for the passenger; to confine their first-class compartments to those who have paid for the right to use them. I rejoice to think that they propose to do no such thing; that the moral and physical advantages which I have above enumerated are still to be the possession of the travelling public.

If only Sir GEORGE GIBB had had a free hand from the first, things might have been otherwise; but he has arrived too late to do more than mitigate our glorious privileges.

Yes, Sir, I am glad to know that the Company "are now practically at the end of their arduous task," and that an immediate increase of fares is to be the coping-stone of their toil.

Yours enthusiastically, A PUTNEY TEMPLAR.

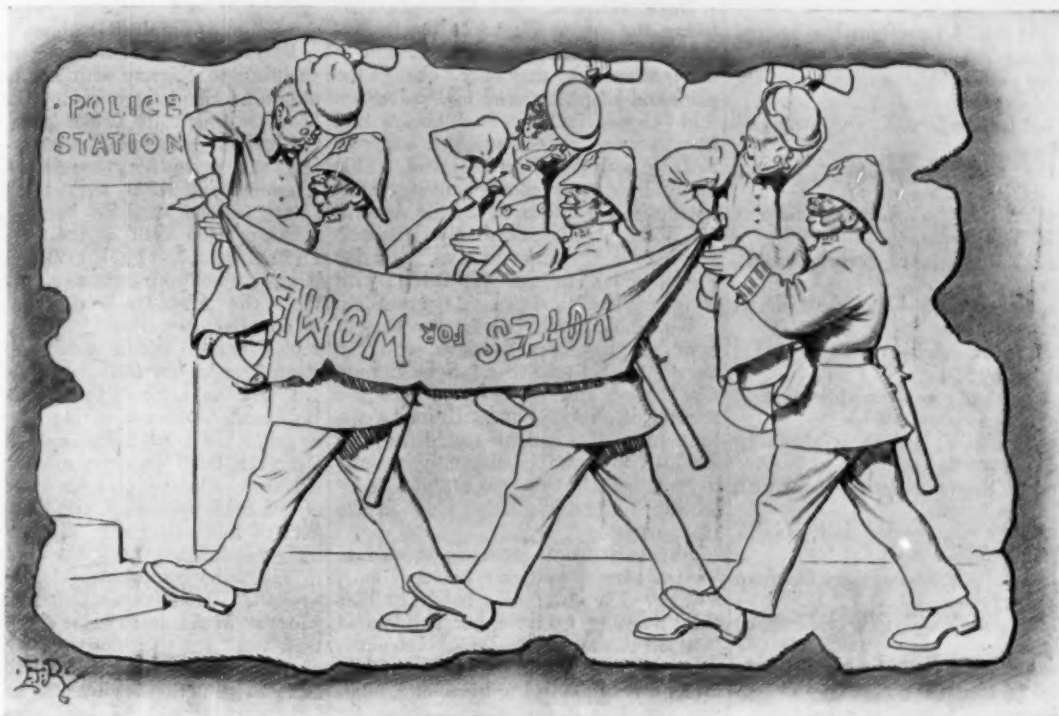


EXTREMISTS MEET.

DR. CLIFFORD (to the new arrival, LORD HUGH CECIL). "THIS IS A PLEASANT SURPRISE, HAVING YOU HERE TO KEEP ME COMPANY!"

[In a letter to *The Times*, on the judgment of the Court of Appeal in the West Riding case, Lord HUGH CECIL recommends that Churchmen should join the Passive Resisters. "The only resource," he writes, "is to imitate their methods. So we shall be again on equal terms."]

THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MĪPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



TWENTY-THIRD FRAGMENT.

1. When Ēdwād the king, the lord of Bōnommi,
2. the Djoligud-phellar, who is wasted about upon
3. golden opinions, making friends for us all
4. in unpromising places, the *sūthar-oenéshanz* inclined
5. to be *shirti*, the *mēkr-utritiz*,
6. having packed his *pohrt-mantoz* and
7. steamed in his gilded unsightly conveyance
8. (*Vikht-oriyaan-albāt*) away from his own
9. territorial waters, . . . proceeded to take for a change
10. someone else's,—the *min'ral-marīyēbad*
11. queller of ailments that all flesh is *értu*,
12. *Matyut-tainal-inokshuz*
13. (all this has got nothing on earth, I may mention, to do with the matters described by the Scribe in this curious Tablet—it's simply a *jentul-preliminrikantar*, a sort of pre-ample,—I really can't help it. *Aimorf-ulis-orih*.)—
14. In the land he ruled over, the land of
15. the 'Ariz, the Makhs, and the Tāfiz,
16. and also the Murfiz; of Djorj-bernad-Sháh,
17. and of Mahrik-orélih, Makhs-birbom and
18. Báutcha, of Uinstan, Khir-hádi, Dokhtak-lifad, the
19. Sessilz, . . . did he leave some
20. *rumpipul* . . . the Bit-kranki, the Bit-krakki, the
21. Bit-squimish, the Rummibeggaz, the Chivvikúbeliks, the Propigtéls, the
22. Skérmungaz, the Ortogr-afuntaz, the Rottaz, the Siliyidyats,
23. the Batzin-thebelfrih, the Bizintherb-onnitz;
24. but a long way the *rummyiet* that ever
25. *sord-élaít* were the Suffrij-dimandaz, the *lédizin-panzne*.
26. the climbers of railings, the *karyaz* of
27. *bannaz* with striking inscriptions, both fiery and plaintive,—
28. these *bannaz* would really be much more heart-rending
29. and legible also, they'd appeal more directly to *maskyul-insiniks*,
30. if *sometimes* these poor dear *fanatik-al-lédiz* could manage
31. to show them *not* hind-side before, with the top at the bottom!
32. (Somehow it's a fact that the brutalised vision
33. of tyrants in trousers won't work half as well
34. upside down,—we can't help it. It's really another
35. injustice to women!) . . . It's very distressing
36. to see these poor twentieth century Djudiths (in *ponji*-
37. *silk blousiz*) being gently but firmly removed from the
38. railings in *Kávend-íshakuér* by a "brutal policeman"
39. when all they required was the head of "that Asquith"
40. set up on a pike as the *heduwa-trétr*.
41. One really *can not* look at all Djónavarki
42. when carried about in a sitting position
43. —like so many stupid, ridiculous babies!—
44. in the arms of detestable, ugly policemen.
45. Addressed from this *rostrum* one's best *peroréshan*
46. would sound simply silly! Shah-lot-Kórdeh
47. was never so brutally treated! . . . "Put me down, Sir,

48. this instant! . . . 'Keep my hair on?'—How dare you!

49. All Britan shall ring with this outrage to-morrow!

50. —A-a-h! Your horrible buttons are hurting

51. my elbow!!" The methadz-adoptid

52. by ledih-riformaz are strangely unlike

53. the akseptid-prostidyar; for instance, instead of

54. addressing a meeting they've called for the purpose

55. of airing their grievance, they address

56. some one else's,—and that just as he is attempting

57. to reason some totally different case altogether!

58. Right bang in the middle of lucid and eloquent epigrammatikh

59. enlightening sentences shedding a novel and lurid glow

60. over Celestial suffering helots with piglets, come

61. shrilly discordant and wurdli-hysterikal, totally

62. malapropos interjections from up in the gallery.

63. They dangle a jigging, ridiculous, slovenly, calico

64. standard, inscribed with a throbbing and passionate

65. legend,—inverted as usual!

66. Lor' bless you

67. it isn't the least use to tell them, for every

68. shoddy young "goddess" of discord is yelling—

69. falsetto, staccato, soprano, the faith that is

70. in her, the grievance that forced her to quit

71. all her friends and relations, take leave of

72. her senses, and get carted about like a

73. brown-paper parcel, and landed, a láttad-eh-

74. mahta, in prison. There she clings on with

75. frenzied tentacular fingers, absolutely

76. refusing to leave by the exit, until she is certain

77. reporters are present!

78. . . . The brutal officials, with muskorait meanness,

79. and dead to all feelings of mercy and pity,

80. insisted on shooting her out into freedom

81. when no one

82. was looking.

E. T. R.

BLACK-LISTED.—From an inn at Woolwich:—"Try our famous 1896 vintage. Once drunk, always drunk."

THE CURING OF SOCIETY.

Irgendeinbad, August.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—Behold your BLANCHE living the simple life, while the Powers that be are doing a cure, though it seems to me that they only "change the place and keep the pain," as Dr. JOHNSON said—or was it KEATS? I always mix up those two writers, owing, I suppose, to their both being medical men. This place, like every other Kurort, would be immensely improved by the removal of all the invalids, especially those who are here for "errors of diet" (Harley Street, you know, for over-eating), with their early hours and general aggravation.

We who are not doing any sort of cure get through the days with the help of the Lustgarten, the Spaziergang, the Casino, and motor-trips into the country round. FRITZ HUMMEL, the waltz-mam, who is here conducting his famous band, and is distinctly inclined to be a darling, helps us to kill time by beating it vigorously twice a day in the Lustgarten.

JOSIAH MULTIMILL actually wanted to join us here, if you ever heard of such a thing. The idea! No, indeed! This child's going to have her freedom at least till she's married,—and then she's going to have it too. I've a perfectly lovely way of managing him—and, mind you, my dear, it wants some doing, for I find he has a will of his own and keeps a temper seven feet high. Whenever he wants to do anything that it doesn't suit me he *should* do, I simply say calmly, "It isn't done."

The BOSH TRESYLLYANS are here, but are almost useless for social purposes. WEE-WEE is suffering from cigarette-heart and motor-face, and is having the Spoofoheim treatment. She sits in a little cell and is played upon with white and green rays, and she has to keep silent for hours, and mustn't be contradicted. BOSH has nervous indy and golf-ankle, and is taking volcanic mud-baths.

Among the latest arrivals is the Duchess of CLACKMANNAN. The dear thing has been overdoing it simply fearfully for months with her miracle-play, her roman-à-clef, her charity-organisings in London, and her exhaustive articles on Tatting in *The Coronet*. (Did you see them? They were illustrated by big photo-gravure-plates, "Tatting by the Duchesses;" and I've heard that the Duchess of DUNSTABLE sent in such a disgraceful specimen-bit that they couldn't reproduce it.) STELLA CLACKMANNAN's cure is quite an arduous one. As well as having high-frequency electric brain-baths to curb her imagination, she has to lie rigid for hours in a bright violet light, and she must never think of anything that isn't violet. She has been followed here by that ricky Bullyon-Boundermere

woman, who has confided to me that she is feeling "completely run down" (the woman's in rude health, but thinks that bad form), and is doing "exactly the same cure as the dear Duchess."

FLUFFY MAINWARING has not gone yachting to Norway with her husband, after all. She is here, having the Boschheim treatment for bridge-brow. GIDDY SR. ADRIAN (who says he has polo-knee and has come for the Schierkidding treatment) is about with her as constantly as he used to be in London. Meeting them both at the Casino last night, I said, "Why, FLUFFY, I thought it was part of your cure to go to bye-bye with the birds? What price your bridge-brow, my dear?" "Oh, rats!" said FLUFFY. "Quite a different set of facial muscles are used at baccarat!"

I beg to inform you that Prince GALOSHKIN is *charmant, comme il y en a peu*. We were introduced at Ascot last year, but I've never met him since till now. He occupies an entire wing of the Schloss-Gasthof, and has quite a fleet of motor-cars with him. He says he is wandering about "till the troubles in his unhappy country shall be suppressed." He talks quite beautifully of what he would do to stamp out discontent, and "put the lower classes in their proper place, once for all." Oh, it *does* seem a shame that such a man as Prince GALOSHKIN should be kept away from his castles and estates by the rotten conduct of peasants and students and mujiks, with their risings and Dumas and things!

His English is excellent, not exactly broken, only a bit *chipped*, and, as I told him yesterday, he is *almost* as well versed in the literature of my country as I am myself. He was so pleased. He is quite a philosopher, though not of the same kind as I *used* to think NORTON VAVASSOR;—NORTON's views of life are much more mellow—I don't say they're quite so piquant.

FLUFFY was saying to-day that the Galoshkin jewels are about the finest in Europe. I wonder—I wonder—was I precipitate in saying "Yes" to JOSIAH MULTIMILL? The Prince wants me to take him the celebrated walk through the Fichtenallée and round the Steilberg to the Tiefsbrunnen, and show him the famous view. I tell him all he has to do is to follow the errors-of-diet people, who are sent there in a drove at six every morning. But he says, No, he wants me to show him the way, and will have nothing to do with the early-morning drove. He is wise in that, for we are all agreed that the errors-of-diet people are *never* quite safe (especially the Duchess of DUNSTABLE), and that as the time approaches for their very simple and rather scanty meals, they are positively dangerous! *A propos* of the e.-o.-d.



A HEAVY BAG.

Keeper (to Commercial Gentleman, who has rented moor). "A' DOOT WE'LL HA' TO STOP THE MOO, SIR."

Commercial Gentleman. "'OW'S THAT? 'AVE WE RUN OUT O' GAME?"

Keeper. "NA, NA. BUT THAT'S THE LAST O' YER DOGS!"

people never being allowed to eat after seven in the evening. BOSH TRESVLLYAN says he shall write a drama, comparing their habits here and in London, and call it *Man and Supper-Man* and cut out Mr. BERNARD SHAW.

Auf wiedersehen, liebe Freundin,
Ever thine, BLANCHE.

GREAT DISCOVERERS.

Mrs. CLEMENTS, OF DURHAM, THE DISCOVERER OF MUSTARD.

It is said that, when quite a girl, Mrs. CLEMENTS, of Durham, was seated at her father's table and overheard her respected parent remark: "Cold meat again!" Her mother replied: "My dear, you can't expect cold beef to be hot." This set the child a-thinking. Why should not cold beef be hot? The train of thought thus started ended in the discovery of mustard, and since then this useful vegetable has been indispensable as an adjunct to the dinner-table.

Mrs. EDDY, THE DISCOVERER OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Mrs. EDDY once broke her leg, and said: "This is all nonsense, my leg is not broken;" and it wasn't. This she called "Christian Science."

GEORGE EDWARDES, THE DISCOVERER OF MUSICAL COMEDY.

A friend once asked him the following riddle: "When a thing is not good enough to rank as a Comic Opera, but quite good enough to draw money from the pockets of the Public, what is it?" The friend expected him to reply: "A fraud; ask me another." Instead of which, GEORGE EDWARDES cried: "Eureka! It's a Musical Comedy, and there's a fortune in it." And there was!

ALFRED HARMSWORTH, THE DISCOVERER OF "THE DAILY MAIL."

One day, young ALFRED HARMSWORTH happened to be outdoors with only a £100 note and a halfpenny in his pocket, and as he was thirsting for the morning

news, he attempted to buy a paper. But the newsvendors laughed him to scorn. So he said: "This is wrong; a halfpenny shall no longer be despised; I will discover *The Daily Mail*;" and he did so. Now he is a Peer.

SHERLOCK HOLMES, THE DISCOVERER OF SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

But for this distinguished detective, Sir A. CONAN DOYLE might never have been discovered. As it was, he was pottering about in comparative literary obscurity when the great detective, like a sleuth-hound, tracked him down, and revealed him to the admiration of the world. This was probably the greatest feat on the part of the renowned *Sherlock Holmes*.

Harvard and the Armada.

"When *The Daily Mirror* arrived, Mr. GOLDSMITH, the Cambridge captain, was leisurely playing bowls and wearing carpet slippers."

DRAKE again, the old sea-dog! May history repeat itself!

THE DOGS OF WAR.

(By the Author of "A Dog Day.")



When one had nothing else to do, it was the correct thing to try to negotiate the Club Bone.

IV.

INTERNAL DISPUTES.

SOME dogs eat, and drink, and sleep, and that is all they do. That is not Life. We dogs of the Club did not sit all day waiting for something to turn up.

We had Club runs every Monday and Friday, wet or fine. On Tuesday and Thursday evenings we hunted the lowly Cat; we had Sports (such as Head-in-Lion's-Mouth, Touch-last, French-and-German, &c., in which the Captain always excelled) on Wednesdays, and Conversaziones on Sundays, while Saturdays were usually devoted to the settling of our internal disputes.

For we had such disputes, and the Captain did not altogether discourage them, for he held that anything was better than slackness, and therefore did not prohibit little private scraps. The only condition he made was that anything of that sort should take place on a piece of waste ground at the back of his house. The Captain would not allow us to fight among ourselves in the public streets, as he held that that would lower the *prestige* (the word is his) of the Club.

Our principal quarrels concerned the

temporary ownership of the Club Bone. This was a bone supposed to be of great age which was discovered in a garden by the Captain, and it was the ambition of every member to eat it, but, being of exceptional toughness, it resisted every attempt. However, when one had nothing else to do, it was the correct thing to try to negotiate the Club Bone.

One day, by-the-way, the Club Bone was missing—it was shortly before the Captain's death—and, when The Braggart appeared, he said he had eaten it. Two days afterwards it was found hidden in a water-butt, and The Braggart was expelled.

Blows, again, would sometimes be exchanged, as the climax of a little chaff—such as, "Hello, Long Nose." "Shut

up, Freak Face!" "Who spoke to you, Bandy Legs?" If the Captain were present, he would tell us we were behaving like a litter of puppies, and command us to shut up. Not infrequently a scuffle between ourselves would have the pleasant development of a combined attack on a common enemy who had stood by jeering.

And sometimes there would be bad blood between rough-coated and short-haired members. Especially in the hot weather. We rough-coated dogs would become very touchy then, and if, when we were perspiring profusely and scarcely able to drag ourselves along, a little short-haired dog were to trot past us as cool as a lump of ice and in the pink of condition, there would be trouble were he to dare to pity us.

I should mention, before I leave the subject of internal disputes, that the most frequent fights were between two brothers named Robert and James Brown. They would scarcely ever meet without falling out. We called them "The Inseparables," because, when they fought, it was impossible to part them.

PERSONAL MATTERS.

Still, as a rule, we got on fairly well

together, and reserved our fighting energy for our natural enemies, the Thorough-breeds.

Now and then we would have what the Captain would call, in his impressive way, a "*Levée en masse*"—for he knew even German, did the Captain—but this would only happen when the honour of the Club, as a Club, had been assailed. As regards insults by outsiders to individual members of the Club, at first these had been treated as Club affairs—with the exception of personal remarks concerning The Map or The International Fur Stores—but ultimately the Captain found it necessary to extend the exception to all of us. So each had to fight his own fight.

After The Map and The International Fur Stores, I was kept the most busy. I was the only thorough-bred member of the Club, and as such was a special object of hatred to the enemies of the Club. I was the recipient each day of an astonishing number of insults. I could scarcely move a step from my house without being called "Blackleg!", "Traitor!", "Judas!", and the rest of the poll-parrot terms. Possibly there was something in the charge, but I never stopped to think then. I was the Captain's man.

It had the effect, anyhow, of my soon becoming an expert fighter, and, if there was a desperate errand, the Captain would usually send me on it. "You are always as keen as mustard, Ears," he has said to me more than once.

Our orders were not to kill, but only to alter the personal appearance of such thoroughbreeds as invited our attention. Killing, the Captain said, was liable to have unpleasant consequences for our masters—as to whom the Captain, if I may say it without appearing disrespectful to his memory, was always absurdly



If you want to see a second-hand remnant, look at one of them after he has been out in the rain.

considerate. However, the poor old Hippo was supposed to be a murderer. One morning, in rounding a corner, he accidentally collided with a little Yorkshire terrier. "Where are you coming to, you great lout?" snarled the Yorkshire terrier. Now The Hippo was always short-tempered. Anyhow, the little Yorkshire terrier was never seen again, and it was currently believed that the greater contained the less. When The Hippo was twitted about it, all he would say was that till that date he had never suffered from indigestion.

CONCERNING TOYS.

We had special instructions from the Captain as to our treatment of animals known as Toy Dogs—though why they are called Dogs I never could understand. At first I used to excite myself very much when this riff-raff gave themselves airs, and would sometimes answer them back, and more than once proposed that we should wipe out the entire brood. But the Captain issued an order that we were to ignore them. It was, of course, the best plan. As a rule the self-important little trollops would become a picture of impotent rage under this treatment. The Captain had just as great contempt for these insects as I had. "Hundreds and thousands," he called them, after the sweets of that name; and once he said quite truly that it might be possible to make one decent dog out of fifty of them. The Captain liked a dog to be a dog, and not a kid glove, or a bit of fluff. What drew him to me originally, he told me, was my rugged appearance, and he saw at once that I could be licked into shape. These so-called Toy Dogs are a disgrace to their fur, and only bring the rest of us into disrepute. They are a painful sight under any circumstances, but, if you want to see a second-hand remnant, look at one of them after he has been out in the rain. Yet they are overweeningly conceited, and at times I have found it difficult to obey the Captain's instructions. Once, actually, a weedy youth named Carlo told me that the reason why I ignored him was that I dared not touch him. At that—I could not help it, it was a distinct challenge—I took Master Carlo in my mouth, and shook him like a rat until he hollered for mercy. I could never make up my mind whether Carlo was more like a mosquito or a penwiper. He was known, I believe, as a Butterfly Dog. The Butterflies are welcome to such as he, with his petulant little falsetto voice.

We were, as I have said, to ignore the Toy Dogs. But there was one exception. We were to strip them of any finery they might be wearing. The Captain was a martinet in all matters of dress. He would tolerate nothing



Seedy Sam (threateningly). "No, MUM, I AIN'T HAD A BITE FOR THREE DAYS, AN' I WON'T TAKE MY FOOT OUT TILL—"

but a collar—and that must be a plain one. The Toy Dogs would frequently wear bows, and were supposed to be responsible for that absurd expression, which riles us so much, "bow-wows." So the Captain made a rule that, whenever we met a dog wearing a bow, we were to remove it—which was easily done by tugging at one end of the ribbon—and bring it to the Club. Birthday or no birthday, it had to come off. When a member had fifty bows to his credit, he was absolved from this duty, which was considered a somewhat menial one; he became a veteran, for whom sterner tasks were reserved. Now and then we would secure a collar, and a Collar Day was always a great event

with us. By-the-by, we were puzzled to know what to do with the accumulation of ribbons until The Hog joined us. He kept on eating them till he died of appendicitis.

"The Crack of the Rifle is heard on the Moor."

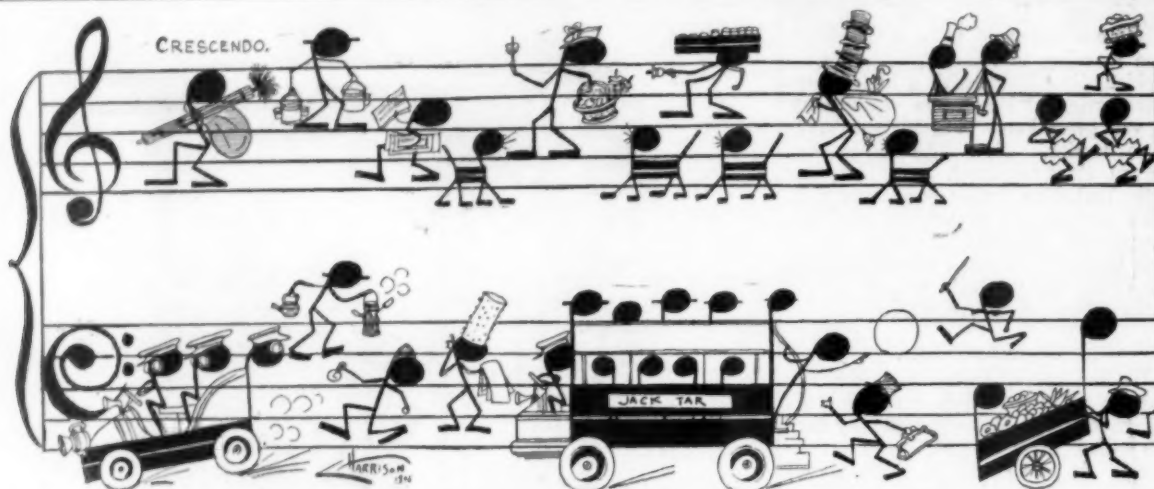
It is easy to flesh one's satire on the man who kills. But he who shoots enjoys not only the bird, but the rifle food its flight affords him.—*Observer.*

No Place like Home.

"CELEBRATED Paris Tours. Our last party returned from Paris on Saturday.

EVERYONE DELIGHTED."

Edinburgh Evening Despatch.



A FEW NOTES ON STREET NOISES.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Guarded Flame, by W. B. MAXWELL (METHUEN), is undoubtedly a remarkable novel, for it is conceived and carried out on a great plan, and it has in it that inexorable character, that conviction of inevitability, which is the mark of a fine story. Mr. MAXWELL writes well; he can hold the interest of his readers, and he has a strong gift for dramatic episode. This is the story of Mr. Burgoyne, the last survivor of the great band of Victorian men of science, of his young wife Sybil, who served him and guarded the flame of his life, and of her guilty love for her husband's secretary, Stone, and the tragedy that comes of it. Here are all the elements of drama. Yet must I put in a caveat. Though there is drama there is also—I wish I could find another word—mawkishness. Mawkishness is in the relations between Mr. Burgoyne and his wife; Stone, the faithless secretary, is a mass of mawkishness; and after the storm and stress of the tragedy the happy peaceful ending of the story comes with a suggestion of the same quality. I incline to think that waywardness and guilty love are best treated in the manner of FLAUBERT. I am loth, however, to end with fault-finding. I realize gratefully that Mr. MAXWELL has given us a fine piece of work, and I look forward with high anticipation to his next book.

A Sovereign Remedy (HEINEMANN) is original in its construction, strong in its characterisation, admirably written. It might be described as a powerful novel but for a not immaterial defect. It recalls the image whose body was fashioned of brass, its feet being clay. The defect presents itself in the main episode of the story, where Aura rejects the proffered love of Lord Blackborough and accepts the hand of Ted Cruttenden. It is nothing that one is a peer of boundless wealth, the other one of his clerks. Love laughs at contrasts of that kind. Where the vital difference comes in is that the peer is a chivalrous gentleman, the clerk a thorough cad, and not quite honest at that. Aura, a girl of fine instinct, superlative purity of mind and body, recognises the difference; she admittedly loves Lord Blackborough—and marries Ted Cruttenden. Novel readers must not be too exigent in the matter of probability. When they take up the latest thing in story writing they are charmed to find romance. But this is really too much, and is not made more satisfactory by Mrs. STEEL's somewhat vague explanation of

her theory. Nevertheless she has written a book that will sustain a reputation made on India's coral strand. The scene of *A Sovereign Remedy* is laid nearer home, where from Gwalia's cloud-topped mountains roll down tumultuous streams.

Mr. HUGH CLIFFORD has written other books—memorable books they are too—but if he had written nothing but *Heroes of Exile* (SMITH, ELDER) he would still have deserved the gratitude of the reading public in ample measure. He tells

Of old unhappy far-off things,
And battles long ago,

stories of hardly-recorded heroisms and toils and almost forgotten sufferings and obscure achievements; and the style in which he tells these stories has a gallant brisk adventurous movement splendidly fitted to the substance with which it deals. Mr. CLIFFORD has seen the haunts and cities of many men, and his experience in all his lands of travel has not blunted the fine edge of his sympathy or robbed him of insight into thought and emotion. The book is a liberal education in feeling and a corrective to the pessimism that speaks of romance as a thing of the past. There are men at this moment, unknown poor men, somewhere in the world, who are hewing out their blocks of unregarded fame. The world may pass them by, but if by some fortunate chance Mr. CLIFFORD should become their historian they will not have lived and suffered in vain. Such at any rate is the feeling of one reader as he reluctantly lays down *Heroes of Exile*.

In a day of shilling shockers and halfpenny newspapers it is pleasing to learn that *The World's Classics* (Oxford University Press) have found a million and a half purchasers. The library, complete within itself, includes such varied gems as LAMB's *Essays*, POPE's *Odyssey*, BORROW's *Bible in Spain*, HOLMES's *Autocrat*, PENDENNIS, BURKE's *Works*, and GEORGE HERBERT's *Poems*. Encouraged by this success, Mr. FROWDE is bringing out a new edition on thin paper in size suitable for the pocket. Here is choice from a charmed circle of holiday companions.

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